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GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

How the Affairs of the French Republic Are Administered.

France, is what has been called "a limited democracy, with aristocratic appendages." To fully understand its character we must remember that it is a united state, that is, one in which the national government has the responsibility of looking after public affairs all over the country. This distinguishes it in many important particulars from those countries which, like our own, are federative, and the power of the central government is limited by those of included States. Of course, in France, there are local authorities to look after local matters, but this does not lessen the power of the central government to overrule any decision or action of a local body at its pleasure. The constitution of the French Republic was adopted February 25, 1875, and revised in August, 1884. By it the legislative power is vested in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, and the executive in the President of the republic. The Deputies are elected by universal suffrage, under the plan called "scrutin de liste," adopted by the National Assembly in 1885. Each department—there are eighty-seven in all—forms one electoral district and chooses deputies in the ratio of one to each 70,000 inhabitants—foreigners excluded. The total number of Deputies is now 584, of whom sixteen are sent from French colonies. To have the right to vote at Deputy elections a man must be twenty-one years of age, and have been a resident for two years in his town or canton. The only requisite for a Deputy is to be a citizen and twenty-five years of age, but members of families who have reigned in France are forever ineligible for this election. The Senate is composed of 300 members, of whom 75 were elected for life by the original constitution, but by the revision of 1884 it was provided that vacancies among the existing life Senatorships should be filled, as they occurred, by the election of ordinary Senators for the term of nine years. Every three years one-third of the Senators retire and their places are filled by new members. The Senators are elected by delegates chosen by the communes or municipalities of France, who are in conjunction with the members of the departmental councils, and the Deputies of the departmental, in making the choice. No other qualification is required for a Senator than to be a Frenchman, forty years of age, and not a member of a deposed dynasty, or a General or Admiral on active service. The two houses form the National Assembly, which meets each year on the second Tuesday in January, unless previously called together by the President, and they must remain in session at least five months in the year, and both Deputies and Senators are paid for their services, the former drawing a salary of $1,800, the latter $3,000 a year. The President is elected by a majority of the votes of the Senate and House of Deputies for a term of seven years, and he is eligible for a second term or more. He has the power of appointment to all civil and military posts and he has, as advisers, a Cabinet of ten members. The present Chief Magistrate of the French Republic is M. Sadi-Carnot, who was elected December 3, 1887. The last ministry was appointed March 30, 1888, under the Premiership of M. Charles Thomas Floquet. The French Cabinet is very unstable, as whenever one of its measures is overthrown by an adverse vote in the Chamber its members are bound to resign. Often the term of official life for a cabinet is limited to a few weeks or even a few days, as adverse votes from an assembly including so many shades of political opinion are the rule rather than the exception.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Worse Than Damages.

About ten o'clock of a dark night, as we were speeding down the river from Natchez, there came a sudden hail out of the darkness, and the next instant our steamer crashed into a hoop-pole barge floating with the current, and having no light out, our wheel smashed the steering oar and made the splinters fly generally, and the boat had been checked before a single person on the barge appeared in sight. Then it was a bare-headed man, who had yelled at us with his head out of a cabin window. He was followed by a woman, but while he was terribly excited she took matters very coolly.

"What 'ere craft ar' that?" she demanded, looking up at us.

"The Lucy Jones," replied the captain. "Are you much damaged?"

"Damaged! Who's shoutin' 'bout damages?" she yelled. "What I'm talkin' 'bout is your bumming along yere and tumblin' me outer bed, and, captain, I'll make ye holler if I have to foller ye all the way down to the ocean to git my hands in yer ha'r!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Prosperous Hotel Porter.

There is one hotel porter in Chicago who has not the distinction of being the oldest man in the business, yet he is undoubtedly the wealthiest. The aristocratic tourist who makes his home at the Grand Pacific during his stay in Chicago is greeted on his arrival by a tall man of genteel appearance, who takes his big traveling bag with a Chesterfieldian bow and conducts him to the foot of the elevator. This man is John Culliton, the richest hotel porter in the world. Culliton is said to be worth more than one hundred thousand dollars, and lives in elegance on Park avenue. He prides himself on the memory of names and faces, and knows every public man in America who has chanced to stop at the Grand Pacific Hotel. He is always posted on the railway time-tables and is prepared to give his opinion readily on the amusements in the city. Like his contemporaries, who enjoyed the profits of ticket-scalping before that business became a specialty and was controled by agents, he made an independent fortune, and continually added to it. He has ten assistants, who receive sixty dollars a month each and their board.—*Chicago News.*

IT WAS DISTRESSING.

The Mortal Agony of Mr. and Mrs. Mushy's First Separation.

It was by the merest accident that I happened to hear the following distressing conversation between young Mr. and Mrs. Mushy. They had just returned from their wedding tour, and were about to undergo the mortal agony of their first separation, for Mushy was going back to his office desk, there to remain for four long, weary, dreadful hours.

"How shall I ever live a *whole* half day without you, dearie?" whispered Mrs. Mushy.

"You won't miss me much, will you, darling?"

"*Miss* you? O Horace!"

"Ever and ever so much?"

"Every moment will seem an *age!*"

"My darling!"

"And you will come home just as soon as ever you can, dearie?"

"You *know* that I will."

"O Horace! I'm *so* glad!"

"Glad you are my own dear little wifey?"

"Yes, darling."

"I'm a thousand, *thousand* times glad!"

"You old darling!"

"But now I really *must* go!"

"O Horace!"

"There, there! The little girly mustn't cry."

"I just can't *help* it, Horace. It's *so* hard to see you go! Why must we *ever* be separated for a single *hour?* It is *too* cruel!"

"But I'll be back so soon. Be a brave little woman!"

"O Horace! I *can't!*"

"But you *must.* I'm not worth crying for."

"Yes you *are,* too."

"Indeed I'm not, Birdie."

"Indeed, you *are!*"

"Well, well, sweetheart, I'm off now. Just one more kiss."

He took a dozen, and gasped out:

"Just *one* more."

"I've a mind to keep tight hold of you, and not let you go at all," she whispered.

"What would you do with ugly old me around all the time?"

"I'd be the *happiest woman* in all the wide *world!*"

"No?"

"I *would!*"

"You don't love me that much?"

"*Love* you? O Horace!"

"You little precious!"

"You dear old boy!"

He took another, and another, and a few more. She also seemed to be helping herself to a bountiful supply. Then he said:

"Good-bye, darling."——"*Is* it time for you to really *go?*"——"Indeed it is. Good-bye, Birdie."——"Go-o-o-d-bye—precious!—Are you sure your watch isn't too fast?"——"Oh, it's just right. Good-bye, wifey, dear."——"Bye-bye, darling. Come home just the minute you can."——"Yes, indeed; I'll run all the way."——"You *dear* fellow! *Good*-bye!"——"*Good*-bye. Throw me a kiss." "Bye-bye, my treasure boy!"

The door bangs and I hear him go down the steps, and I think the agony is ended. But the next moment the door opens, his head pops in, and he says:

"Just *one* more kiss; I couldn't go without it." He doesn't go without it and a good many others beside, and gasps: "Now I *am* off!"

Then he goes out to the corner, walking backward half the way, and fluttering his handkerchief. I catch sight of a dainty little bit of cambric waving from a window below my room, and I drop into a chair in all the querulousness and cynicism of my old bachelorhood and say:

"Well, I hope to goodness it will last; but I just don't believe it will. If I felt sure it would, I — don't know but I'd get married myself."—*Zenas Dane, in Puck.*

Prevention of Disease.

The science and practice of medicine and surgery are undergoing a revolution of such magnitude and importance that its limits can hardly be conceived. Looking into the future, in the light of recent discoveries, it may not seem impossible that a time may come when the cause of every infectious disease will be known; when all such diseases will be preventable or easily curable; when protection can be afforded against all diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, yellow fever, whooping cough, etc., in which one attack secures immunity from subsequent contagion; when, in short, no constitutional disease will be incurable, and such scourges as epidemics will be unknown. These, indeed, may be but a part of what will follow discoveries in bacteriology. The higher the plane of actual knowledge the more extended is the horizon. What has been accomplished within the past ten years, as regards knowledge of the cause, prevention and treatment of disease, far transcends what would have been regarded, a quarter of a century ago, as the wildest and most impossible speculation.—*Forum.*

A New Work Harness.

It is claimed by the manufacturers that there is a valuable invention and revolution in the make and the materials of harness for work horses. It is said to be made of steel, is applied in an entirely new way, and does not cost half as much as leather harness, and will last ten times as long. We do not know how much humbug there is in the claims set forth for this new revolution in harness. The New York *Tribune,* in referring to it, says: "It is a general farm-work harness—takes the place of common leather harness in every spot and place. For the coming season it is not only greatly improved and strengthened by using a better grade of steel, but it is now sold at a greatly reduced price, placing it in reach of all." This is a subject which comes home to every farmer, and if there is any better way in which harness can be attached to horses, the sooner it is known the better. From the pictures we have seen of the harness on horses, it must be a radical revolution in not only the shape of the contrivance for the horse, but more especially a change from leather to steel.—*Iowa State Register.*

SOME COSTLY KNIVES.

Blades That Were Made for Business in the Early California Days.

In 1858 M. Price, who then had a small cutlery shop, sat up nights and made a fine bowie knife, which he exhibited in the first Mechanics' Fair held in San Francisco. After the fair Ward Eaton took the knife to the Bank Exchange and raffled it for $150. Price had taken great care in tempering the blade, and had offered to forfeit $100 if any better steel could be found. At that time Billy Allison, of Yolo, was making knives, which were sought by all men who wanted reliable weapons. Surveyor-General Higley had an Allison knife, and he backed it against Price's blade. The test was made in the Bank Exchange and aroused as much interest as a National election. General Higley laid a half dollar on the counter and drove the Allison blade through it without turning the point or edge. Ward Eaton wielded the Price blade with a steady, strong arm, and achieved the same feat. General Higley then tried two half dollars, and the point of his knife turned. Eaton piled up three of the coins, drove the Price knife through them, and when he raised the weapon the three half dollars were impaled on the point, which was not turned.

That made Price's bowie knives as famous on this coast as Toledo blades were in Spain, and every man who went heeled had to have one. Marion Moore, a noted mining and sporting man, whose nitro-glycerine blew up Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office on the corner of California and Montgomery streets, ordered of Price the best knife he could make. Moore gave Price a gold brick and a piece of gold quartz, that he had taken out of a mine with his own hands, and told him to work the metal in. Price made an eight-inch bowie, having a gold handle inlaid with quartz. Moore paid $175 for the weapon, and handed back to Price the gold that was left over.

Moore's lawyer, McCabe, got a gold-mounted knife for $100, and these two expensive weapons played a leading part in a bloody tragedy in White Pine, Nev. Moore had a mine there, and, as was usual in those days, somebody tried to jump the claim. Moore and McCabe were caught in the tunnel by a band of fighters hired by the other claimants, and cut their way out with their bowie knives. Several men were killed in the fight, and as most of the dead had only knife wounds, it is supposed that Moore and his lawyer did some game and lively work.

A little gambler named Barney Kenny used a six and one-half inch bowie of Price's make with deadly effect about eighteen years ago. He was playing poker with three other sports in a saloon in Portland, Ore. Somebody was caught cheating, and Barney grabbed the pot. Instantly the three confederates pulled their pistols and blazed away at Barney, who drew his knife and waded in desperately. After a brief, but furious combat, in which fifteen shots were fired, Barney walked out of the room, leaving the others on the floor. One was dead, a second mortally wounded, and the third cut so badly that he had to be in a hospital for months.

In 1861 Price made two knives for Colonel Jack Gamble, who supplied Mexican gold onzas for the handle frames. The handles were inlaid with abaline shell and gold quartz, and the Colonel paid $400 for the two weapons. Gamble gave one to his friend, Charles Norris, who lost it some years later. It was a mere fancy of Gamble's to have such a weapon, as he was never known to use it. Joe Winters, in 1864, walked into Price's place with two friends, saw three $75-knives in the case, bought them, and, turning around, presented one to each of his companions just as he would hand about cigars.

One of the men who bought an extravagantly expensive knife from Price came into the shop some time after a fight had occurred in a mine and several men had been carved to death, and exchanged the weapon for some other wares. As he put the gold-mounted bowie down, he said with a shiver that he would never use a knife again. When the weapon was examined, the blade was found rusted with blood, and there was blood even in the crevices between the slabs of the handle and the frame. There were no guards on the hilts of these knives, because the men who bought them carried them for sudden use, and a guard is likely to catch in the clothing and delay the draw.

The first big knives made by Price were for a party of United States surveyors, who wanted them as substitutes for axes in cutting trails through the brush. The blades were twelve inches long and very heavy, and in the hands of a strong man would cut a person's head off at one blow.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Toothpick Industry.

A toothpick factory is one of the flourishing wood-working establishments at Harbor Springs, Mich., and it is one of the largest factories of the kind in the country. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 7,500,000 of the handy little splinters are turned out daily. The logs are sawed up into bolts each 28 inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into veneer. The veneer is cut up into long ribbons, 3 inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten of them at a time, are run through the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and refuse falling into another. The picks are packed into boxes, 3,500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely looking squaws, and are then packed into cases and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. The white birch toothpicks are very neat and clean in appearance, sweet to the taste, and there is a wide market for them. The goods sell at the factory at $1.90 a case of 150,000 picks, or 100 small boxes, each containing 1,500, and the small boxes retail at 5 cents each, or 300 picks for 1 cent, at which rate almost every body can afford to take a fresh toothpick after each meal.